



## **Fools and a Clown** by [excusemewhileiasdfghjkl](#)

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**Summary:** They always tell you 'one summer will change it all'. Your parents, books, movies. But I think that saying was supposed to be more about falling in and out of love, making and losing friends, and figuring out who you are. Not fighting a fucking sewer clown. Partial redo of both movies. M for language. Reddie Bill/Benverly St/Hanbrough AceStan One-sided Stozier. Suggestions welcome!

## 1. A Word From the Authors

*Yes, I'm sad about the clown movie again. Yes, I'm writing this to cope.*

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They always tell you 'one summer will change it all'. Your parents, books, movies. But I think that saying was supposed to be more about falling in and out of love, making and losing friends, and figuring out who you are. Not fighting a fucking sewer clown. I mean, we did both, but I think there should be some more clarification in the saying.

This is a story about the Losers Club. We were nothing; a clusterfuck of random nobodies, who somehow found a home in each other. There were seven of us; Me, Bev, Ben, Richie, Eddie, Mike and Stan. We wrote this book together, although technically I'm the one that wrote it, and everyone else just helped occasionally. Except for Richie. He just insulted my writing the entire time. But anyway. My name is Bill Denbrough. And no, this isn't some kind of author self-insert featuring six friends. It's a true story.

Before we jump into the demon clown shit, here's some background information for you readers. When we were kids, we lived in a town called Derry, in Maine. (Technically Ben moved there later, and apparently, it's important you all know that). And in the summer of 1989, some freaky shit started to happen in our town.

Like *really* freaky shit.

But we'll get into that later. Let's move onto some introductions. First, there was me, Bill Denbrough. I was the group-appointed leader of the Losers Club, and for a really long time, I had an extremely bad stutter. Sounds like bad exposition, but it's important you know this. My little brother Georgie was one of the clown's first victims, which is why we were dragged into this shit-fight of a situation in the first place.

There was also Bev, Beverly, Marsh, the only female member of the club (we honestly don't know how she did it). Bev's mother died when she was born, and her dad's an absolute abusive piece of shit.

It's alright, she killed him, so no need to worry about her. Ben also needs you to know she was extremely hot and I second that. Red hair. Just so you know.

Speaking of Ben, he was one of the late-comers to the Losers Club. Granted, so was Bev, but we vaguely knew her and Mikey from school. Ben was completely new to Derry and had managed to time his move to the shithole that is Derry in the middle of a demonic sewer clown killing spree. Ben had less trauma than most of us but has the start of Bower's name carved into his chest. So there's that.

Onto the Trashmouth. Richie Tozier was the talker of the group, always cracking jokes, always making mum-fucking jokes (which he still hasn't grown out of...he's 45...it's worrying). Richie has a lot more secrets than we realised, and it turns out a piece of shit clown that can turn into your greatest fear is actually great for airing some touchy subjects, so all's well that ends well there. (Richie wants me to add, in his words, not mine, 'Fuck you, Bill', so that's nice.)

Then there was Eddie Kasprak. Eds was a tiny, hyperactive, OCD asshole, that we all put up with for years. (I was waiting for complaints but everyone nodded. Even Richie agrees). Eddie's mum was controlling in a really bad way and had him coked up on about six different prescriptions. Eventually, we got him off them, but only after he snapped his arm in half. And then he got stabbed in the face. And now he only has one arm.

Shit, Eds, you really drew the short straw, didn't you? (Pun unintended, but Richie-approved).

Onto Mike Hanlon; Loser Club member number six. Mike also lived in Derry, but we didn't see much of him until Bower's tried to kill him. His parents are dead (fire) and he worked at the abattoir on the edge of town. He stayed in Derry after we all left, and he's the reason we're here today. We love you, Mikey!

But if Mike's the heart of the Loser's Club, Stan's the soul. Stanley Uris saved us more times than we can count and had the most to lose when he came back.

Rest in Peace, Stan.

I'm kidding, he's fine. Just pissed that he was named last, and after Richie of all people. He was the least traumatised of us all apparently because he actually got hitched between the clown attacks. Patty says hi, by the way. She's hearing this story fully for the first time here too, so hope you enjoy.

So, that's us. Let's start a little from the start, a couple of months after Georgie died.

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Hey Guys! If you haven't got the vibe already, this is from the perspective of the Loser's writing a book after the events of the second movie. As this is my coping mechanism Eddie and Stan are both alive. The plot will basically follow that of the movies but will explore more into the lives of the teen Losers (including Ben and Mikey actually having a life), and fill some of the gaps between defeating It and leaving Derry.

Much Reddie, Billverly to eventual Benverly, Hanbrough, Ace!Stan, some one-sided Stozier...y'all really in for it. But it all turns out well, I promise. Don't forget, I love them too.

This is very much so a work in progress, so feedback and suggestions are very welcome. :)

Stay tuned and hope you enjoy!

- excusemewhileiasdfghjkl

## 2. Introductions

### Chapter One: Introductions

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The final bell had hardly finished its clanging echo before Bill was out of his seat, books in hand, out of the door in seconds. Richie followed close behind as they spilled into the already packed hallway. Bill took the lead, plunging through the crowds, hardly hearing Richie exclaim at every third person they shoved past.

"Seriously, Bill. Their elbows. Right at my fucking eye level."

But Bill's mind was far away. It was summer. Months of no classes, and hardly any parents if he could help it. Finally, he had time to find Geor-

"-Bill!" A small arm stuck out of the crowd, and Richie grabbed it as they walked past, tugging Eddie out of the crowd. Eddie grinned. "Oh, hey. You guys seen Stan?"

Richie readjusted his glasses, starting to smile, "Why don't you ask your mum Eds, heard she's been spending a *lot* of time with Stan lately."

"Richie shut the fuck up! It's the first day of summer, can't you give it a break?"

"But, Eddie-kins! Your mum doesn't like it when I take a bre-"

"-Forget it. Just. Forget it. Bill. Where's Stan?"

"I haven't se-seen him yet. We'll find him in a second," Bill replied, "We said we'd meet out the front anyway."

Sure enough, Stan was waiting beside the front stairs, gazing up into the afternoon sky. Richie started walking faster, moving ahead of Bill and Eddie, who exchanged a tired glance. Within seconds, Richie was right behind Stan, who was still watching the clouds carefully, one hand shielding his eyes from the sun.

"Blergh!" Richie shook Stan's shoulders, and Stan stumbled, mumbling some very un-Stan-like words.

He had rightened himself by the time Bill and Eddie made it to him, his expression no longer exasperated, just tired.

"Did someone give Richie sugar? He seems more hyperactive than usual." Stan's voice was dry, but Richie just grinned and bounced back to where Bill and Eddie were standing. Richie loved to push Stan's buttons. Eddie's too. He didn't do it to Bill anymore though. One time when they were younger, they'd gotten into a fight about Richie's constant shit-taking, so he left it alone now. And boy, was Bill grateful for that. Richie *never* shut up.

"Y-you ready?" Bill asked, and Stan nodded.

Together, the four boys moved over to the bins on the side of the street, sliding their bags off their shoulders. With whoops and cheers, they emptied their school books into the bins, adding to the already nearly overflowing pile of them. Even Stan looked happier at the prospect of summer break. But Bill's happiness was short-lived as his attention drifted to the police car sitting on the opposite curb.

Betty was still missing.

He felt Stan's soft touch on his shoulder, and it snapped him back to the present. Richie and Eddie were arguing about how Richie was going to spend the summer, as always, but they stopped too once they saw where Bill had been looking.

"Hey. Bill. They'll find Georgie." Richie's voice held none of his usual laughter. "They will."

Eddie nodded in agreement. "Yeah, Bill. They'll find him."

Suddenly, both boys' eyes widened, and they took nervous steps back. Bill knew what that meant, and tugged Stan out of Bowers' way, just missing a shoulder that would have driven them into the concrete.

"Enjoy your holidays, you fairies." Bowers smirked, "Better hope I don't see you riding around on your girly little bikes."

He licked his hand and made to rub it on Eddie's face, who shrieked and dove back. Bower's smeared it on Richie's face instead, who just clenched his jaw. "What, no funny remark, fucking four-eyes? You probably enjoyed it." With a laugh and a glance to his friends, Bowers' sauntered away.

As soon as he was out of earshot, Eddie burst into a string of swears that had even Bill cringing. Richie's hand shook as he hacked at the trail of spit on his cheek.

"Fuckin' Bowers." Eddie finished, almost vibrating with anger. "I'm gonna kick his ass one day."

Richie sighed. "It's fine Eddie-bear, I'll get your mum to lick it off for me."

Just like that, the atmosphere was restored, with Eddie slogging Richie in the arm, before reaching up to help wipe away the spit with a sleeve.

"This is so unsanitary."

"You better burn that shirt now."

"I will don't test me."

"Bill?" That was Stan. The boy's soft eyes were filled with worry as he searched Bill's face. "You ok?"

"Fine. I-I'm fine. I just want to go home." He caught the other boys' attention. "Meeting. My pl-pl-place. Tomorrow."

They all nodded before saying their goodbyes, Stan heading one way, Richie and Eddie the other. Bill waited at the school a bit longer, watching the police car and streaming students, before beginning his walk home too.

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Whoever came up with the superstition that the boys' bathroom was worse than the girls' bathroom was dead wrong. At least the boys' was upfront about its gross; the girls' bathroom hid its filth in the scrawled messages in the stalls and a suffocating layer of sickly sweet



deodorant. Bev clutched her bag tighter to her chest, tugging her feet in closer. Any minute now and the flow of traffic would disappear from the halls, and she could make her way home uninterrupted.

"Is that you in there, *Beaverly*?"

Bev sighed, rolling her eyes skyward.

Greta. Just the person she was hoping to avoid.

Someone must have pointed out her stall because the sharp click of Greta's heels grew closer.

"You in there by yourself, you little shit? Or have you got half the town in there with you?"

"Am I a slut, or a little shit, Greta?" Bev glared at the closed stall door. "Make up your mind."

The only sound to meet Bev's remark was the running of the tap. Was she gone? The rustling of the bin liner only gave Bev a second of reaction, enough time to put her bag above her head, before the rancid water fell around her ears, drenching her dress and books. She gagged as the smell hit, droplets running rivets down her cheeks.

"See you around, *Beaverly*," Greta called as giggles circled around the bathroom.

A wave of white-hot anger filled Bev's chest as the girls left. Why did they *insist* on treating her like garbage? The rumours weren't even true for fuck's sake. After a minute or two, Bev stood, shaking as much trash water as she could off herself and her stuff. Everything was still soaked. Her anger sharpened into dread as Bev realised she'd have to explain why her things were wet to her dad. She'd have to take a long way home, hope the sun dried it out. And she'd better get going before the sun started to set.

Kicking open the stall door with as much anger as she could muster, Bev made her way to the back exit of the school, her mind flicking between her dad and Greta, and trying to decide which she hated more at that moment.

It was unanimous.

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Ben resisted the urge to bob his head along to the beat as he juggled his project. It was hard; this song was his absolute favourite. But he didn't want to draw any more attention to himself than necessary. Bowers and his gang could be around any corner, hence Ben leaving out the back doors of the school.

Ben had quickly realised when he'd arrived in Derry a couple of months ago that the best way to avoid a beating was to switch things up every couple of days. Park his bike out the back instead of the front, take a different route to school, eat his lunch somewhere else. Sometimes Bowers caught on, but Ben was getting the hang of keeping moving. And today, Bowers hadn't seen him at all. Hopefully, he could just get home with no trouble.

Ben wheeled his bike out of the stands, looking off past the playground. He couldn't see Bowers or his goons, but they had a tendency to hide until right as he walked pas-

"-Are you gonna let me by, or is there a secret password or something?"

Ben turned to the voice and...

Wow.

It was Beverly Marsh, raising her eyebrows, arms loosely crossed. Ben lost his train of thought. Beverly was the prettiest girl he had ever met in his life. Well, he'd technically never *actually* met her, but he'd seen her around school. Walking to lunch, smoking out behind the buildings. She was gorgeous.

And very pissed.

"Well?"

"I'm...sorry." Ben blinked. "Um, no there's not a password."

He tried to move out of the way, but his project started to topple. Ben lunged forward to balance it, but his bike fell away from his grip,

clattering to the ground, and when he turned back to pick it up, his project spilled out of his hands onto the concrete, shattering.

Oh, great. He looked like an idiot.

He scooped down to pick up the pieces, but they kept rolling around and then more were falling, and Ben felt a blush of embarrassment crawl up the back of his neck. Here he was, finally meeting Beverly Marsh, and he was making a fool of himself. Classic.

"You know, Bowers and his gang are by the west entrance," Beverly spoke up, the sharp edge in her voice gone, "You don't have to worry."

Ben stood back up. "Oh...no I wasn't..."

"Everyone knows he's looking for you." A hint of a smile crept onto Beverly's face as she nodded at his headphones. "Whatcha' listening to?"

Before Ben could come up with any kind of response, Beverly slipped the headphones gently off his head, putting them on. Her eyes widened in surprise, and she grinned.

"New Kids on the Block?"

"I don't even like them. Not really."

"Wait, wait. You're the new kid, right?" Ben nodded and Bev smiled again. "Now I get it."

"It's not-"

"-I'm messing with you. Here." She handed back the headphones, and Ben took them gratefully. "I'm Beverly Marsh."

"Yeah, I know," Ben replied, and then rushed to fix what he had just said. "We're...we're in the same social studies class, and I've seen you around school and..."

He drifted off as Beverly raised her eyebrows again. She was very good at doing that.

"I'm Ben," he finished, "But everyone just calls me the new kid."

"Well, Ben," Beverly replied, "There are worse things to be called."

Ben saw her eyes drift to the school bag on his back, and she stepped forward. "Here, lemme sign that for you."

Ben felt his stomach drop as Beverly opened his yearbook, turning to the autograph page. He watched as her expression softened, clearly taking in the absolutely blank pages. He expected her to hand it back, but instead, she pulled out a pen and began to sign. Finishing with a flourish, Beverly passed the book back to Ben, giving him a small smile.

"Stay cool, Ben from soc' study."

She moved past him, giving a little wave of goodbye. Ben couldn't stop himself from breaking into a grin.

"You too, Beverly."

"Hang tough, new kid on the block."

That was a song lyric! Did she listen to New Kids on the Block too? Ben's mind reeled as he tried to come up with another lyric to say back.

Uhhh.

"Please don't go, girl!"

Beverly was already out of earshot. Ben shook his head, muttering to himself. "That's...another New Kids on the Block song..."

He turned back to his bike sprawled on the concrete. It would definitely be scratched. And his project that he had worked on all semester was ruined.

But for the life of him, Ben couldn't stop smiling.

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Sweat made tracks down Mike's forehead, already filling the space he

had just wiped with a sleeve. He could feel Leroy's eyes on him, but couldn't stop his arm from shaking.

He couldn't do it.

The sheep's eyes were locked on Mike's, almost as if it knew what was happening, and was imploring Mike to stop. Mike readjusted his grip on the nail gun, licking his lips.

"Come on, Mike, we don't have all day."

His grandfather's voice was already disappointed. He already knew Mike couldn't do it. He was letting him down. Mike squeezed his eyes shut, trying to block out the sheep in front of him. Maybe if he couldn't see it, it would be easier.

But he couldn't pull the trigger.

Before Mike could even open his eyes, the nail gun was snatched out of his hands. In a fluid motion, Leroy brought it up and fired it between the sheep's eyes. Mike's stomach turned as the sheep flopped on the dirt with a startled bleat.

"You need to get it together, Mike," his grandfather chastised, "If your gonna be any use out here you need to-"

"-I know."

"No, Mikey, you don't." Leroy grabbed Mike's shoulders, swivelling him so their eyes met, "You don't know what it's like out there. It's a world of predators and prey, and you don't know when you're in the pen until you feel the bullet between your eyes." He mimicked the motion and Mike flinched. "You need to toughen up, or you're gonna end up dead like your parents. You hear me?"

Mike shoved him away, anger flaring. "You're not my dad. Stop treating me like a kid."

Before Leroy could grab him, Mike stormed away, out of the abattoir back room. He broke into a swift jog, not wanting anyone to catch up.

He made his way out through the fields, to his favourite tree, the one overlooking the creek in the distance. The trunk had almost worn into hand and footholds from the number of times Mike had climbed it, and he could scale its height almost without thinking. Finally reaching the top, he settled into his favourite branch. From here, he could see all of Derry. The abattoir, the school, rows and rows of houses and shops.

Mike sighed.

His grandfather was right. He needed to toughen up. This town was rough, especially for people like him. Bowers was the best example. Mike shivered. He hated it here. Hated being homeschooled, hated being the only black kid, hated being forced to work at the abattoir.

One day he was going to leave this shithole of a town. For good. Maybe go south. See the beach. He wasn't sure yet. But he knew anywhere would beat Derry. Anywhere.

Eventually, the sun began to set, and Mike made his way down. Leroy would be pissed, but Mike felt a little better. As Mike began the walk back, he noticed kids flowing down the street, laughing and messing around. It must be summer break. He put his head down and kept walking.

Those kids didn't know how good they had it.

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Well howdy!

I hope you enjoyed! I have big plans for this fic, and I hope y'all stay around to see what happens.

I have no idea what my posting schedule will be (for anyone who is waiting for Fire Will Burn updates sorry it was too straight for me to continue lol), but I am officially done with assessments and am needing some kind of escape from canon, so I think I'm gonna be writing this a lot!

For the most part, the first movie will stay the same, with some more scenes (mostly Losers Club bonding scenes lets be real). Then, I'm

gonna be writing about the time between the Losers defeating Pennywise and eventually leaving Derry (I have no idea if we canonically know when they leave Derry but I've made it up lol). The big changes happen in the second movie events because, uh, Stan is alive and there, so that's a big change.

I also plan to incorporate some theories/AUs/troupes I adore into the story but don't worry, it's still gonna make sense. Their not gonna randomly jump back to medieval times or space or anything.

Reviews/suggestions/comments are greatly appreciated and I'd love to hear your thoughts or any ideas you have!

Catch you next chapter,

- excusemewhileiasdfghjkl